CITIZEN AND COP.

The Two Unanimously Agree That Only a Woman Could Have Done Such a Thing.

The man stepped off a suburban car at the corner of Seventh and U streets and made quite nimbly for the downtown electric car. Then he executed a quick, halting act in the middle of the street and dug his left hand into his right-hand inside breast pocket. He brought out his pocketbook and overhauled it laboriously. An expression of gloom overspread his erstwhile contented features, and he pulled out a handkerchief and mopped his forehead nervously. Then he went through his pockets in sequence. No go. The gloom deepened on his face. He unbuttoned his vest and searched the inside pockets thereof. No tangible result. He removed his hat and plowed beneath the sweat band. Result, failure. Then he went over his pockets in sequence again, elaborately and thoroughly, with an expression of bulldog determination. While he was thus engaged the cop standing on the corner edged over.

"Lost it all, hey?" asked the cop.

"Fraid so," replied the citizen, with the large drops standing out on his forehead.

"Where d'je lose it?" inquired the cop.

"Ask me hard ones," said the citizen. "That's too easy to keep me warm."

He was still plowing around among his pockets.

"Amount to much?" asked the cop.

"Didn't figure it before starting," replied the citizen, "but it was a-plenty, all right."

"Were you bumped up against by any suspicious-looking geezers in a crowd?" asked the cop.

"Not that I remember," was the reply.

"Looks like you've got a pretty slim show of getting your money—" began the cop.

"Money?" exclaimed the pocket-searching citizen. "Say, can you show me any affidavit setting forth the fact that I've mentioned anything about money?"

"Why," said the cop, "wasn't it money that you—"

"Not on your club and badge," said the citizen. "Never in a hundred years. It's a list of things my wife wants me to get for her downtown that's crawled away from me. If it were nothing but money I wouldn't mind it a little bit. I could mortgage my house and lot unbeknownst to her, or hock my ring, or some old thing, and square myself with her; but I'll never be able to square myself if I don't lug home this bunch of things that she wrote out a list of. Might as well not go home at all. Might as well write her a farewell note telling her I've gone to Baltimore to live, and—"

As he was speaking his right forefinger had wandered to the unused watch pocket of his trousers. The right forefinger struck against a bit of paper. The citizen's countenance brightened. He pulled out the piece of paper and broke it open with the eagerness of a leading lady unfolding a property letter.

"I've got it!" said he to the cop. "She made it into a wad about the size of a two-cent stamp, and there's—let's see—just 22 articles written on it that she wants and must have. And she stuffed it into a pocket that I never knew I had until 12 seconds ago. Well, woman—" and the citizen made a deprecatory gesture.

"Wimmin is the limit," said the cop.—Washington Post.

HELPFUL HINTS.

Some Sensible Suggestions for the Guidance of Young Mothers.

The child's tendencies should be carefully watched, and everything in him which appears vicious or unpleasant should be nipped in the bud.

If a child is careless of his toys and breaks or defaces them, the proper punishment is to take them away from him, and say he cannot have them for a certain period of time, and then give them to him when he promises to take care of them.

It is very bad policy to be continually buying new toys for a child who is destructive and disobedient; these are not qualities to be encouraged by frequent rewards of gifts.

Cruel instincts are very repulsive in children, for they seem not to accord with the softness and sweetness to be looked for in the very young.

If a child is cruel and domineering to its little associates, it should be sternly reproved and taught to behave gently and kindly. Boys should be especially taught to be tender and chivalrous to all girls, and particularly to their sisters.

Children who treat their pets roughly should be deprived of them. No right-minded person places a little helpless dumb creature in the complete power of young children who are cruel through ignorance or through a vicious nature. The treatment of pets should be watched by the mothers of children having them.—Ladies' World.

The Cheerful Point of View.

On the part of many women, burdened with care and anxiety, it requires an effort to be cheerful; but if the mind can only rise above matter and a cheerful spirit prevail, the very habit, by its reaction, makes lighter life's burden. True, an excess of work is not compatible with cheerfulness, but more people are made morbid from lack of effort than from its excess.—Housewife.

Chicken a la Tartar.

Split down the back. Wipe thoroughly with a damp cloth. Dredge well with salt and pepper, cover thickly with soft butter, and dredge quickly on both sides with fine dry bread crumbs. Place in a baking pan, and cook in a very hot oven 30 minutes. Serve with tartar sauce. — Chicago Times-Herald.

ONIONS IN HIGH FAVOR.

Nearly Twenty Car Loads of the Odorous Vegetable Are Used in Chicago Each Day.

Onions by the car load, in sacks, crates and farm wagons arrive in Chicago each day. From 15 to 20 car loads of the vegetables are used daily. While the 2,000,000 or more residents of this city do not eat 20 car loads of onions each 24 hours, that amount is required for domestic and manufacturing purposes.

If the stage heroine wants to get up a good, lasting flow of tears for an evening performance she cannot do better than to pay a visit to one of the storehouses in South Water street filled to the very roof with onions. Tell a funny story to a companion while you are escorting him along the top of the warehouse and he will appear to laugh till he cries. At least, large tears are sure to roll down his cheeks. He can't help it, unless he has been in the onion business.

E. P. Jackson, known as the "onion king" of South Water street, can tell such stories and explain the virtues of onions in such a plausible manner that the most decided protester against the vegetable will agree with him that the onion is the ideal vegetable.

This year, according to Mr. Jackson, the onion crop has yielded nearly double over the last few years. The advance crop of fall onions is coming in each day and in any of the railroad yards one can find a car of onions without hunting. Northern Indiana has yielded a phenomenally large crop and all the railroads crossing this district are busy shipping onions to the local market.

The farmer is also bringing in his supply. The mud-covered farm wagons roll into South Water street at all hours, and the farmers are glad to get 35 to 40 cents a bushel. Mr. Jackson says the raising of onions costs them little or no work and whatever they bring is nearly all profit.

In the big warehouse at 76 South Water street the floors and rooms are divided into districts. The silver leaf, red globe, yellow, common red, Spanish and white and yellow pickle onions each have a different section. The pickle onion is much sought for and orders for this grade come in faster than they can be filled.

In the stockyards many of the packing firms use several car loads each week in manufacturing sausage, while the dealers in can soup also use many. The hotels, at least the large ones, buy a car load of onions at a time and have them sent to their air-tight storage rooms in the hostelries.

The manner of sorting and storing the onions has been reduced to a science. To prevent their "sprouting" they are stored in high and dry rooms with plenty of light and air.—Chicago Evening News.

CEREMONY OF THE HAT.

When Polite Society Demands of the Man to Raise or Remove His Headgear.

The ceremony of the hat is somewhat more punctilious than formerly. A man awaits the lady's recognition before he raises his hat to her. He also raises his hat when presented to a woman, when meeting and taking leave of her, when about to address her, or when she first speaks to him—for whatever reason, if he passes her on a stairway or in front of her in a public conveyance, theater or elsewhere—indeed, whenever the least apology would be in order; when he offers his services in any way, even tacitly, or shows her some trifling courtesy; and he should always raise his hat when acknowledging her thanks. A man should pay the same mannerly tribute to her sex when a woman enters an elevator, and remain uncovered during her stay therein. He should also raise his hat upon recognizing an acquaintance who has a lady with him. If the friend with whom he may be bows to a lady, he should show the same courtesy, although she may be unknown to him. Should a lady be with him and recognize a friend, he should lift his hat.—Mrs. Burton Kingsland, in Ladies' Home Journal.

Michaelmas Goose.

Boil the onions quickly for ten minutes; then chop them up with a handful of sage. Mix with three or four cupfuls of bread crumbs, and season with salt and pepper. Bind the whole with the yolk of an egg, and put the stuffing inside the goose truss, and secure the neck and rump, so that the seasoning does not fall out. Skewer a piece of greased paper over the breast, and hang the goose at a little distance from the fire, keeping it constantly basted. When the breast is rising remove the paper, so that it may become nicely browned, and serve quickly before the breast falls. Send to table with brown gravy and apple sauce. The goose will take from one and a half hours to one and three-quarter hours to roast. Ingredients—A goose, two onions, a handful of sage, three cupfuls of bread crumbs, salt and pepper, the yolk of an egg.—Boston Globe.

Bean Patties.

Cook best white navy beans until tender. Rub through a colander to remove the skins; season with salt and nut meal or nut cream. If the pulp is not sufficiently dry to shape, place it on top of the range or in the oven, when the water will evaporate until the pulp is quite dry. Then shape with the hands into flat, oblong, or round patties about one inch thick. Place on tins and brown until dry and mealy throughout and of a delicate golden brown on top. Serve in individual dishes, with a garnish of thin slices of lemon, and with or without a dressing prepared by beating one spoonful of nut butter to a cream in one cupful of water, and adding one-half cupful of lemon juice and salt as desired.—Good Health.

A CREDIT TO BE DEAD.

High Plane of the Funeral Director's Art as Practiced in San Francisco.

The senior partner had been absent several days from the establishment where you can be embalmed at any hour of the day or night. There had been a convention of some sort which had attracted funeral directors from all over this land to compare notes. The convention had been a good thing for the senior partner. It had freshened him up to meet the leading lights of the profession, and he had returned refreshed and ready to do his part toward the elevation of his art.

"This is not exactly a sociable place," he said, shortly after his reappearance in the familiar scenes. "Somehow, people don't naturally incline to drop in here for a chat. In fact, I've known some to be a little squeamish about using our telephone. They seemed what you might call solemn. It ought to be different, and it can be made so. Just look at San Francisco. Why, from what I hear it's a positive luxury to be dead out there. Anything would be better than living in that climate, you say? Well, I don't know. I never was there. All I know is what I heard at our late national convention from the San Francisco directors who were delegates. It seems that the profession out there has come to occupy the most sympathetic relation to the family. We must elevate the profession here to the same high plane.

"The first thing to do is to foster a refined public sentiment against both domestic funerals and church obsequies. The one is as bad as the other. In the house there is never enough room. In the church there are never enough mourners and sympathizing friends for the room. No, I don't think such elevation of the art would ever work in Brooklyn. You see Brooklyn rallies around the church and the home. I've watched friends who have moved over here. They begin in a flat all right enough and if they would stick to that there would be some hope for them. They'd move back again in time. But they get nibbling at the plan that makes you buy a two-family house where the rent of the top story pays the interest on the mortgage. You ought to become a millionaire at that by owning enough of the two-family houses and letting them work while you sleep. But what's the advantage of being a Brooklyn millionaire unless you live in your own home and have a stepping block with your initials on it? So the next thing you buy a house out in Flatbush or Flatlands or some other similarly appropriate place. That's your finish. You put in the rest of your life scrambling along on a mortgage and when you die you go to Greenwood. No, indeed; Brooklyn is no place for the elevation of the grave.

"I have hopes of New York. Really, there is no reason why it should not have the same high class of professional work as San Francisco, and I am sure it will before very much longer. I assure you it was really inspiring to hear the reports at our convention as to the practice of the art in San Francisco. Nobody ever thinks of having a funeral in his own parlors, and the churches are used only for state obsequies. Out there every director has as the principal feature of his establishment a mortuary chapel, stationary pews, pipe organ, stained glass windows, permanent catafalque and plumed baldachin. Polite attention and gentlemanly ushers. Clergymen of all denominations to conduct the services and every facility afforded for the conduct of the ritual of the order. Friends requested to leave the matter of floral tributes to the good taste of the director. Interment private at the convenience of the family. There you have the whole story as it is in San Francisco. If it were only done on that system here in New York it would not only be a credit to be dead but it would also be a positive pleasure to officiate at such a function."—N. Y. Sun.

JIM KEY'S PARENTS.

The Biography of a Beautiful Educated Horse as Given by His Owner.

Lovers of horses, a term that includes, practically, all mankind, find on the Esplanade of the National Export exposition, at Philadelphia, no attraction that appeals so strongly to the finer sentiments as does Jim Key, the beautiful, educated horse, who was bred in old Kentucky.

Jim Key's owner gives an interesting history of this marvelously intelligent animal. Jim Key's mother, he says, was Lauretta, known in Arabia as the Queen of Arabian horses. She was brought to this country by Barnum, who paid a fabulous sum for the animal. Lauretta was formerly owned by Sheik Ahmeid, from whom she was stolen, a fact that did not come to the knowledge of the purchaser until long after Sheik Ahmeid had become reconciled to his loss. Jim Key was sired by Volunteer, known as the King of Hambletonians.

What is regarded as a mark of Jim Key's wonderful intellect is the distance between his eyes, which is said to be two inches greater than has ever been found on any other horse.

On the occasion of Jim Key's visit to Nashville, Tenn., the public schools of the city were closed for a day to enable the school children to profit by an exhibition of what can be accomplished by humane treatment of a horse. Many a man, after seeing this educated animal in his daily exercise in reading, writing and arithmetic, operating a cash register and ringing up fares on a street car, has said: "I'll never strike another horse." Jim touches the heart at first glance, and has made hosts of friends at the exposition, where he will give daily receptions until the close.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

DUTCH HOUSEKEEPING.

Women in Holland Are Excellent Managers and Absolute Mistresses of Their Homes.

The Dutch housewife has not her equal in the world as a manager. She is first of all "the absolute mistress of her home." There are no implicit reservations as to the kitchen. She goes into it every day, and at any hour of the day, and the cook who objects is likely to be dismissed for her pains. In that respect, at any rate, servants appear to be more tractable in Holland than with us. And such kitchens they are! For I was asked and was taken into three, and each time my visit to them happened to be about an hour before dinner. In each case the family to be provided for was fairly numerous—in one case it consisted of a round dozen persons, the youngest of whom was only ten. The dinner hour is between 6 and 6:30 o'clock, for even in those well-to-do families the so-called luncheon is somewhat in the nature of a "high tea," the Souchong being replaced by coffee, though not always.

I was introduced then into the kitchen without the slightest warning, the mistress not having deemed it necessary to ask permission of her lieutenant to visit her domain, even in company of a stranger. And the lieutenant, secure of the impeccability of all things in her charge, received us with a smile and went on manipulating stewpans, red copper and earthenware, as if she were all alone, and I had an opportunity of looking around. The conventional dresser with the conventional dinner and breakfast service, was not there, instead of which an array of saucepans, strainers, colanders and the rest such as I have never seen in England. Soup tureens, saucepans and dishes were inclosed in cupboards, the shelves of which were covered with white linen cloths, trimmed with lace, all dazzlingly white. I asked how often these had to be changed and was told that four weeks was the regulation period.

In London these shelf cloths would be downright grimy before half the time had expired, and I am not likely to forget in all these and possible future remarks that the Dutch atmosphere fights and makes for cleanliness and that our English climate does the reverse. I will go still further and say that the Dutch servant, having something to show for the "elbow grease" she has expended, is prouder of her performance than the English one; yet all this does not account for the comparative cleanliness of our homes and the superlative cleanliness of the Dutch homes.—Albert D. Vandam, in Gentlewoman.

A VIGILANT SENTRY.

The Unenviable Plight of a Colonial Official Who Had Forgotten the Password.

Mr. Henry Kirke, formerly an official in British Guinea, high in the colonial service, relates an adventure, the comedy of which might at any moment have turned to tragedy. It was at a time of serious disturbances in the colony. Rioting had occurred near one of the larger cities, and every precaution had been taken against a fresh outbreak. Mr. Kirke had issued a password and a countersign, and the sentries received strict orders to shoot anyone who attempted to pass without giving the word.

That night, says Mr. Kirke, I had been dining out of town, and was returning cheerfully to my quarters about 11 o'clock, when I was suddenly confronted by a black sentry, who brought his rifle down to order, and cried out:

"Who go dere?"

I was somewhat startled, for I had forgotten the sentries, and, what was of much more import, I had forgotten the password. I knew that the sentries were picked men, generally Africans who had served in some West Indian regiment, and who were noted for their strict obedience to orders. So, I knew, if this sentry had been ordered to shoot anyone attempting to pass without giving the word he would do so.

I attempted to temporize.

"Look here, my man," I said, "you know me."

"What de word?" shouted the sentry, rattling his arm. That was just what I wanted to know.

I heard the man cock his rifle, and knew he would let drive in another minute; so I made an undignified strategic movement to the rear, so as to place the inspector's house, which stood near, between me and the enemy.

Satisfied by this maneuver that I was a dangerous character, the sentry began to stalk me around the building, with his gun ready for action.

The instant I got around the corner of the inspector's house I bolted up the back steps and broke in upon the astonished inspector just as he was getting into bed.

I explained my dilemma, and he gave me the password. Then, approaching the window, I peeped out very cautiously toward my friend, who was prowling around the house to have a pot shot at me. I shouted the word to him, and later, when I went out with the inspector, I explained the circumstances of the case, gave him a dollar, and told him he was a first-rate sentry.—Rehoboth Sunday Herald.

True Genius.

Hix—That fellow Jenks is a clever, ingenious chap, isn't he?

Dix—Why, I never heard of his doing anything remarkable.

"That's just it. He manages to get along nicely without doing anything."—Chicago Evening News.

He Knew It Meant Business.

"Did you ever meet a woman whose very voice thrilled you with unspeakable emotion?"

"Yes; that's the way my mother used to make me rise in the morning."—Stray Stories.

A BIRD TALK.

The Common Birds of the Country Are Not Decreasing in Number.

One of the good signs of the times is the interest our young people are taking in the birds, and the numerous clubs and societies that are being formed throughout the country for bird protection and cultivation. In my youth but little was heard about the birds. They were looked upon as of little account. Many of them were treated as the farmer's natural enemies. Crows and all kinds of hawks and owls were destroyed whenever chance offered. I knew a farmer who every summer caught and killed all the red-tailed hawks he could. He stood up poles in his meadows, upon the tops of which he would set steel traps. The hawks, looking for meadow mice, would alight upon them and be caught. The farmer was thus slaying his best friends, as these large hawks live almost entirely upon mice and vermin. The redtail, or hen-hawk, is very wary of a man with a gun, but he has not yet learned of the danger that lurks in a steel trap on the top of a pole.

If a strict account could be kept with our crows and hawks for a year, it would be found at the end of that time that most of them had a balance to their credit. That is, they do us more good than injury. A few of them, like the fish crow and the sharp-shinned hawk, Cooper's-hawk and the duck hawk, are destructive to the birds and wild fowls; but the others live mainly upon insects and vermin.

I do not share the alarm expressed in some quarters over the seeming decrease in the number of our birds. People are always more or less gloomy in regard to the present time and present things. As we grow older the number of beautiful things in the world seems to be fewer. "The Indian summer is not what it used to be; the winters are not so bracing; the spring is more uncertain; and honest men are fewer." But there is not much change, after all. The change is mainly in us. I see no decrease in the great body of our common field, orchard and wood birds. I do not see the cliff-swallows I used to see in my youth; they go farther north, to northern New England and Canada. At Rangeley Lake, in Maine, I saw the eaves of barns as crowded with their mud nests as I used to see the eaves of my father's barns amid the Catskills. In the cliffs along the Yukon in Alaska they are said to swarm in great numbers. Nearly all our game birds are decreasing in numbers, because sportsmen are more and more numerous and skillful, and their guns more and more deadly. The bobolinks are fewer than they were a decade or two ago, because they are slaughtered more and more in the marshes and rice fields of the south. The bluebirds and hermit-thrushes were threatened with extinction by a cold wave and a severe storm in the southern states a few years ago. These birds appear to have been slain by the hundred thousand. But they are slowly recovering lost ground, and in ten or more years will no doubt be as numerous as ever. I see along the Hudson river fewer eagles than I used to see 15 years ago. The collectors and the riflemen are no doubt responsible for this decrease. But the robins, thrushes, finches, warblers, blackbirds, orioles, flycatchers, vireos and woodpeckers are quite as abundant as they were a quarter of a century ago, if not more so.

The English sparrows, no doubt, tend to run out our native birds in towns and smaller cities, but in the country their effect is not noticeable. They are town birds anyway, and naturally take their place with a thousand other town abominations.—John Burroughs, in St. Nicholas.

CURING A SETTING HEN.

By Tying a Piece of Red Flannel to Her Tail It Was Effectually Accomplished.

In the vicinity of Bellevue a man (let him be known as Jones) owns a large and prosperous chicken yard. Noticing that many of his hens wanted to "set" he was at his wits' ends to find some scheme that would sidetrack their progenitive aspirations. Mrs. Jones, who, probably, had gleaned the idea from an almanac, suggested to her husband that he tie a piece of red flannel to the tails of the hens that wanted to "set."

Mr. Jones several days ago proceeded to test the efficacy of the red flannel and before many minutes had elapsed there was an uproar. At first the hen on which the experiment was tried seemed dazed. Then she made a bee line for a fence corner and as she went the red flannel flapped in the air and scared all the rest of the fowls, which set up a terrific cackling and flew off in every direction.

The decorated fowl made an effort to stand on its head, then on its tail, then it would hop-skip-and-jump for several yards at a time, until the little Joneses who were witnessing the test from the top of a dry goods box, laughed so heartily that they fell off and rolled over each other. The hen was now thoroughly aroused, and, seeing an opening in the fence, made a dash for it, and when last seen she was a mile below Bellevue, going as fast as she could travel, and cackling at every jump. The Joneses have concluded that it is more profitable to let their hens "set" than to lose them by making experiments.—Pittsburgh Chronicle Telegraph.

Neck of the House.

The husband said: "I'm the authority—the head of the house."

"I'm the neck," replied his wife. "I can turn the head any way I please."—Cincinnati Enquirer.

Some Poor Arguments.

There isn't enough meat on some arguments to make an intellectual bite.—Chicago Daily News.

PITH AND POINT.

But few people want the things that are to be had for the asking.—Chicago Daily News.

Some people are willing to let a good excuse answer for good conduct.—Atchison Globe.

Tommy—"Say, paw?" Mr. Figg—"Well?" Tommy—"What is the horseless age?" Mr. Figg—"Eight. No horse ever gets past seven."—Indianapolis Journal.

Heredity.—The Wife—"I wonder why little Ethel is so disobedient, John?" The Husband—"I don't know, my dear, unless your marrying me against your parents' wishes has something to do with it."—Puck.

Mrs. Golde-Nuggett—"I cannot see any callers to-day, Nanette." Nanette (five minutes later to caller)—"Monsieur, I haf ze plaisure to inform you zat madame is blind to-day."—Philadelphia North American.

Bridget—"But you can't sleep there, mum. Miss Alice said no one should occupy her bed while she's gone away, because it isn't very strong." Alice's Cousin—"Oh, well, I can, because I'm a light sleeper."—Harlem Life.

Penelope—"Mr. Nerveigh actually seized a kiss from me last evening." Beatrice—"What a good soldier he would make." Penelope—"What makes you think so?" Beatrice—"He is not afraid of the smell of powder."—Omaha World-Herald.

Stricken by panic, the audience was jamming itself into the exits. The celebrated funny comedian went on with his "turn," cool, calm and collected. "Run fer your life!" shouted the property man, in a whisper. "De house is afire!" "Gee!" said the comedian. "I thought it was just the usual rush."—Indianapolis Journal.

ARREST FOR HAVING MONEY.

The Police of Vienna Suspicious of Persons Displaying Unusual Wealth.

There is an old story, which goes down from generation to generation, among the merry Viennese, of how a gay young nobleman won a curious wager. He declared that it was quite possible to be taken up by the Vienna police without committing any crime whatever. To prove this, Count Sandor appeared one day, shabbily dressed, at an obscure inn, ordered some refreshments, and paid with the Austrian equivalent for a £100 note, which he pulled out of the shaft of his dilapidated topboot. This was quite sufficient to bring a guardian of law and order upon the scene, who took the "prisoner" to the nearest police station in order that he might justify the possession of so much wealth.

The Vienna of to-day is vastly different, in most respects, from the Vienna of the time of gay Count Sandor. This, however, does not prevent similar accidents from happening. Thus, the German papers are just now full of righteous indignation because a German was taken up the other day by an Austrian detective when he tried to change a £100 note at midnight in a Vienna cafe. It was only at the police station that the detective could be convinced of the fact that even an honest man might occasionally have a £100 note in his possession, and that it is even possible he may wish to exchange it at a restaurant.

But even this recent occurrence did not suffice to quench the zeal of the Viennese detective. Only a few days after the episode with the German Croesus a foreigner drove up to a Vienna night cafe, sat down, and ordered a bottle of champagne. Night cab, champagne, foreign accent—these were quite enough to cause such emotion that the band ceased playing for a moment. However, the stranger was jovially inclined; treated everybody, the musicians included, to champagne, ices, etc., and went on merrily till a hand was laid upon his shoulder, and a low voice said into his ear: "Don't make a fuss, and come with me at once."

"I with you!" the stranger exclaimed. "Is it to another cafe you wish to take me?"

"Not exactly," was the reply. "You come to the police station with me and explain who you are and where the money comes from which you are scattering about so freely."

The "criminal," offering the man of law and order a seat in his cab, did as he was bidden, and once more the Vienna police had to eat humble pie, and beg pardon of the stranger, who, so far from being fraudulent, or worse, was only a Russian trying to get rid of some of his great wealth in the gayest capital of Europe.

It is to be hoped that the zeal of the Austrian detective will, after this, be blended with a little more discretion than has hitherto been the case.—St. Paul's Budget.

Trusted Talismans.

The superstition of talismans is one that dies very hard, and crops up in the most unexpected places. A writer in the Gaulois gives some particulars of the talismans worn by crowned heads at the present day, which may be true, and are certainly interesting. The shah of Persia wears as a protection against assassination a belt set with a superb emerald and filled with peelings of onion. The latter being, as he says, evidently intended to move the tears of would-be assassins. The emir of Afghanistan wears with the same intention a silver ring, while the king of Greece has had the bullet which lodged in the panel of his carriage the last time he was fired at mounted as a charm for his watch chain. Perhaps the most curious of royal or quasi-royal talismans was the Abraxas gem, showing the cock-headed djety of the gnostic heretics, worn by Charles Edward Stuart. Although it may have preserved him from assassination, it did not prevent him from dying of drink and dissipation.—Pall Mall Gazette.